### ARIZONA KICKLETS The Editor of the Kicker Is Retrospective.

"Retrospective—The first night we came from, and some folks have been entered this town we slept under a very much afraid of him. He picked his teeth with a grizzly's claw, carries a bowle-knife and claims to shoot two-handed.

tough, we looked tough, and we had just 15 cents cash capital. We'd walked twenty-eight miles that day to get somewhere, and after getting there the prospects didn't seem to improve. We were sustained, however, by a determination to come out on top of the crowd if we lost both legs in the hustle. That determination carried us through.

From the very first fasue of the "Kicker" we took our moito, "Ex dono fuma simper vivat," which used to mean in our neighborhood in New Engiand, "Tell the tright without fear or favor, even if you never get an office or own a dog," We have stuck to that motto, and while it has made us some enemies it has also made us a host of friends and a power in the tand. In pursuance of our police, "We didn't shiver. Then he smilled—a factimile of the friends and a power in the faind. In pursuance of our police," we will him devited the faind in pursuance of our police, "We didn't aniver." Then he smilled—a factimile of the smooth of the contents again to tell us that our ear was has of friends and a power in the faind. In pursuance of our police, "We didn't unwind or loss and whist-lody for the busards to begin work. We didn't unwind or loss and whist-lody for the busards to begin work. We didn't unwind or loss and whist-lody for the busards to begin work. We didn't unwind or loss and whist-lody for the busards to begin work. We didn't unwind or loss and whist-lody for the busards to begin work. We didn't unwind or loss and whist-lody for the busards to begin work. We didn't unwind or loss and whist-lody for the busards to begin work. We didn't unwind or loss and whist-lody for the busards to begin work. We didn't unwind or loss and whist-lody for the busards to begin work. We didn't unwind or loss and whist-lody for the busards to begin work. We didn't unwind or loss and whist-lody for the busards to begin work. We didn't unwind or loss and whist-lody for the busards to begin work. We didn't unwind or loss and whist-lody for the busards to begin work. We didn't shiver. The should be provid

table as we write. We are waiting for him to prove properly and take them away.

A pointer for the boys—There are three or four tough men in this town way back toughs, with cartionds or sand in their systems—but there are four hundred would-be toughs who are not a bit tough and never can be will be a little bee or gathering or onvention or some such thing on Pawnee Square Saturday evening. Most of our prominent citizens was took to run to run up against the many whose father owned the spring which was the fountain head of Pighting Croek. In as fatherly way we want to first the foundation had of Pighting Croek. In as fatherly way we want to first the foundation had of Pighting Croek. In as fatherly way we want to first the foundation had of Pighting Croek. In as fatherly way we want to first the foundation had of Pighting Croek. In as fatherly way we want to first the foundation had of Pighting Croek. In as fatherly way we want to first the foundation had of Pighting Croek. In as fatherly way we want to first the foundation had of Pighting Croek. In as fatherly way we want to first the foundation had of Pighting Croek. In as fatherly way we want to first the foundation had of Pighting Croek. In as fatherly way we want to first the foundation had of Pighting Croek. In as fatherly way we want to first the foundation had of Pighting Croek. In as fatherly way we want to first the foundation had of Pighting Croek. In as fatherly way we want to first the foundation had of Pighting Croek. In as fatherly way we want to first the foundation had one of Pighting Croek. In as fatherly way we want to first the foundation had of Pighting Croek. In as fatherly way we want to first the foundation had of Pighting Croek. In as fatherly way we want to first the foundation had of the foundation had one found



He is slow of speech, because he i thinking whether it would be best to lie, as usual, or tell the truth for once in

Casey has been reported for dereliction

He has been reprimanded the same

One pay-day ten years ago he had sev inteen cents coming to him, but refused

to take it, on the ground that he had

to take it, on the ground that he had been asleep on two occasions that month when the roundsman had failed to discover and report him.

He handed the money back like a conscientious man, and then went out and grafted a builder for \$25.

I got to wondering the other day how such a man as Casey ever got to be one of the finest, and I hunted him up on his beat to ask him to explain.

He was just emerging from the side-door of a saloon, and no baby ever looked more innocent as he said:

"I thought I was in for a turn of cholera morbus."

'And so you took a drink?"

era morbus."

"And so you took a drink?"

"Of water, sir—yes, sir."

"Casey," I said, as we walked along together, "have you any excuse for being on the force?"

"A trifling one, sir—just a trifling one, and when I have stated it I am sure that you will agree that I was not to blame. Just a minute, sir. There comes a suspicious-looking person. I want him to see that I am on the kee-vee and ready to block any little game he starts."

"You must be able to spot a criminal a block off," I said,

"Two blocks off, sir in case of a muricerer. If it's an alderman with boodle in his pocket he must hide behind a minister to escape this eagle eye while he is yet a mile away."

"But about your getting on the force?"

"Yes, sir. I was in the contracting business twenty years ago."

"Ontracting debts?"

"Mostly, sir—mostly. One day when I was riding on a street car a con who

stly, sir-mostly. One day when I riding on a street car a cop who

the last year.

number of times.

of duty about 200 times.

Day before yesterday we were told that Maj. Cahoon was laying his wires to get us removed from the postmastership and secure our place. We were writing an article on the annexation of Mexico at the time, but we laid down our pen and began looking for the major. After an hour's search we found him and the first thing he did was to reach for his gun. He was five seconds slow, however, and as we backed him up against the wall, he took water in the most graceful manner. He not only denied that he was scheming against us, but declared that he would camp on the trail of any one who had the audacity to oppose us. The major is a slick, sleek liar, but we lay nothing up against him. We are as solid in the postoffice as any mountain on its base, and we can't be rooted out by anything less than a revolution.

She retired and two mmutes later heard the sound of the tack-hammer. She stood it for five or six minutes and then went up and looked in on him again. He had got the carpet tacked along one side, but she called out:

"Why—you are tacking the carpet on the bare floor? There's the lining on the window sill. You'd have made a nice job of it, wouldn't you!"

He couldn't crawl out of it and he would camp on the trail of any one who had the audacity to oppose us. The major is a slick, sleek liar, but we lay nothing up against him. We are as solid in the postoffice as any mountain on its base, and we can't be rooted out by anything less than a revolution.

We take pleasure in recommending Mr. David Jones to the favorable consideration of the public of this section of Arizona, and likewise express the hope that he may meet with nothing but good luck. Mr. Jones is a highway robber. He halted us at Red Creek last Sunday as we were riding out to Big Ranche, and had robbed us of everything when he learned that we sometimes indused in the game of poker. He kindly lent us a dollar of our own money as a stake, and half an hour later we had won everything back and one of his guns to loot. He accepted the result without a kick and parted from us in the most friendly manner, we can assure all who fall into his hands of gentlemanly treatment.

was it?"
"My fine Italian ear detected the ticking of a clock."
"That was a tremendous thing, Ca-

sey!"
"It was, sir. I looked at the walls.
No clock. I looked at the ceiling. No

"And then you looked into the waste

"And then you looked into the waste basket?"
I did not, I looked under the commissioner's chair."
"And then, Casey—and then?"
"And then, sir, every red hair on my red head stood up, and my heart jumped clear to my chin. For a moment my head swam as if I had been sleeping on post and woke up to find the roundsman going through my preckets"

going through my pockets."
"You saw a bottle of—of ginger ale."
"Did I, sir? Does a bottle of ginger ale."

go tick! tick! tick? Does it make y heart as soft as an old muskmaton? Dit send a January chill over you of hot July day?"
"Well?" I queried.

CASEY, THE COP

Talks with "One of the Finest."

## BOWSER AND A CARPET

He Did His Best, But Suffered Defeat.



He Did His Best, But Suffered Defeat.

They foolly brought up that beddered and her beddered they will be the second of the second they will be the second the second they will be the second the second they will be the second the sec

side and a foot too long on the other. Lemme catch 'em round the house and I'll—"
"Oh, dear:"
"What's the matter now?"
"It's got to be tarned around. You are trying to fit it the wrong way."
"No, I ain't."
"Why, of course you are. It's exactly a fit the other way. I told you not to do it. I knew you'd—"
"Mrs. Bowser," he began as he crossed his hands behind his back and gazed at her with a benign expression, "do I run the house or do you?"
"Well, I suppose you de."
"Very well. When man was created the idea was that he should run the house. That's how he came to know so much more than woman. If I am not competent, however—if you have not dear afternor willing.

of whooping:" he sternly replies. "and nothing has happened. When I want your valuable services I'll call to you. The exclamation you heard probably came from some one in a balloon passing over the house."

He hammered away for about ten minutes when she looked in on him again. He had three sides of the carpet down and was tacking the fourth. Just as she reached the head of the bedroom door with a suppressed yell and a quiet crash.

"What on earth are you trying to do, Mr. Bowser?" she saked. "You up here again!" he shouted in reply.

"But—"
"Didn't I tell you to go down stairs and stay there! Does it take 40,000,000 people to put down one confounded old carpet?"

"But can't I help?"

"No, you can't help! I'll put the thing down alone or pull the side of the house down! No wonder the carpet men dasn't come up here and lay it. They cut it a foot too short on this side and a foot too long on the other. Lemme catch 'em round the house and I'll—"

"Oh, dear."

"What was the last was the last of the house and a foot too long on the other. Lemme catch 'em round the house and I'll—"

"Oh, dear."

"What was tacking the fourth of the way down stairs she heard the window go up and the next moment something scraped along side of the window go up and the next moment is something scraped along side of the house and fell with a "kerwhop" on the iron fence. It wasn't Mr. Bowser. He came down stairs with his eyes as big as onions and his face as red as paint, and as soon as he could get like the carpet is down Mrs. Bowser—down out of the window!"

"No! You wanted it down!"

"N

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### IT IS "FOOTOLOGY" The Cobbler Can Size You Up by Your Feet.

it."
"To what do you refer?"
"You are a man of sedentary habits.
You sit a great deal—you walk very
little. You are not a bookkeeper, and
yet you write."
"A very good guess," was replied.
"It was no guess at all, sir. Your
shoe gave you away at a glance."
"But how."



a train in the morning and at night. He is always in a hurry. He is alled the is always in a hurry. He is alled the is always in a hurry. He is always in a hurry. He is always in a hurry. He is always in the swish of a wing. It is a vulture—two—three—four of them—hovering above him. They are the advance guard of a score—of half a hundred—two—three—four of them—hovering above him. They are the advance guard of a score—of half a hundred—two—three—four of them—hovering above him. They are the scent of ceath come from pipe or cisar. The best of the second second is a man. The blood disappears—his heart grows and the strings of a harp in tune. The wings of death are fanning the bronzed face of this man as he peers about him to see from which point a builet will be the come first, but he is not afraid. He must de burth be first the horse which gave up its life ten minutes ago—draw blood of the three wings are the dry ravine over to quiver and in stretch and die; a second screams out it is over at last, and the living have departed toward the sunset the dry ravine over allows. The winding for his train. He had twelved and long of their achievement. There are blood spots on the grass, but the wolves will lick them clean and grow away roots and earth before sunrise again. On the crest of the hill is a corpse—disfigured—mutilated—dismembered—but it will only be a skeleton when the sun goes dow. The vultures are already there, and when the rains come again the grass, but the wolves will lick them clean and grow and way roots and earth before sunrise again. On the crest of the hill is a corpse—disfigured—mutilated—dismembered—but it will only be a skeleton when the sun goes dow. The vultures are already there, and when the rains come again the grass, but the wolves will lick them clean and grow and the same during the proper it is of the same during the proper it is of the proper it is

out of a dollar!"
"Sir"
"No use, old feller! I knowed ye the minit I got eyes on ye. Same big diamond pin—same red necktie—same nose, humped up in the middle like a circus camel. I want that dollar!"
"This is outrageous! I'll call a policeman!" shouted the fakir.
"Call and be darned to ye, but I'll lick ye first! You either come up with that dollar or I'll wallop ye till ye can't holler!"

dollar or I'll wallop ye till ye can't holler!"

"Look here!" replied the other in much
milder tones, "you are mistaken. It was
my cousin who was in Elizabeth. He is
dead now."

"Then I'll take it out of you!"

"He is dead, as I remarked, and rather
than have any blot resting on his fair
escutcheon I will pay you that dollar."

"That's all right. I don't know anything
about 'ecutcheons, but I've got to have

Casey, the cop, has a fine growth of red hair.

He is bowlegged from bracing his feet against a lamp-post.

He is lop-shouldered from swinging a club to and fro.

He is squint-eyed from looking for the roundsman.

He is squint-eyed from looking for the roundsman.

"Well, something happened."

"His secretary rose up and kicked you, did he?"

"Kicked me! Kicked Casey the Cop!"

he shouted. "If he or any man had of your life, sir! As he sat there?"

"Not on your life, sir! As he sat there?"

"Not on your life, sir! As he sat there?"

he shouted infernalest infernal machine of the whole breed!"

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"Well, what about next moment?" was asked as Casey hesitated.

"The commissioner had me by the throat and a revolver to my ear, and the room was filling with excited men. I was taken for the anarchist, you see. They gave me a rough time of it until I got a chance to explain. When they at last learned the truth you ought to have been there to hear what they said!"

"Called you a hero?"

"Forty times over, sir, and the commissioner's eyes filled with tears as he gave me his hand and said:

"Casey, whatever you ask for shall be granted!"

"I want my dollar watch back."

ee granted!"
"'I want my dollar watch back.'
"'It shall be one with diamonover the back.'
"'I want that guy punished.'
"'He shall be bounced this very ute!"

"He shall be bounced this very minute!"

"And I want a contract."

"I will take you on the force for life! Anything more?"

"A few thousand dollars to get my uniform and a ton or two of coal.

"You were a modest man about that time, Mr. Casey," I said.

"And I've never been able to get rid of it since, sir. The commissioner he wrote me out a check for \$5,000, and within a week I was on my beat."

"Mr. Casey, did you take that check to the bank?"

"Of course. That is, I started to."

"And what happened?"

"Why, I met an alderman, who says to me:

The bobtailed blue car in Hoboken was prancing along at a gait no less than two miles per hour, when a long-bodied man, most of whom was hidden under a straw hat and who had a hoe-handle standing up in the corner and the corner and

# "GAME"

It is high noon of a summer's day.

It is high noon of a summer's day.

Plains stretch out, so wide and long that I may be a continued to the continued to the